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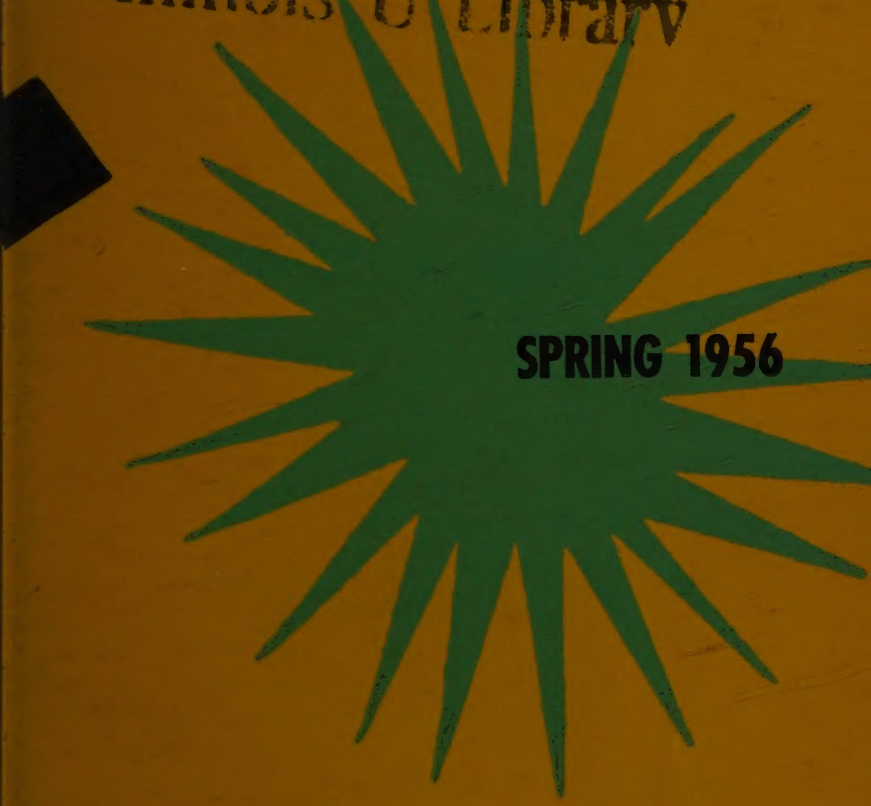

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THE SCIENTIST SURVEYS THE PROTOZOA
To the achievements of Roman Vishniac

Under the moulding miracle of this microscope
The commonplace curiously becomes magnificent;
Observe—here creeps a cautious little animal
Forever peering through the inch of his landscape;
There a second who searches fixedly for food
Like a fat man always in fancy of famine.
But look! This one is called a floscularia,
So beautiful I call her the Queen of the Microcosmos.
Long, fine hairs stream singularly from her head
Contracting and expanding through rays of radiance.
Hers is the eternal hair of Helen, the hanging
Harvest of a beauty that attracts only victims.
A sudden shock and twisting shakes her body
When some animal approaches to explore her hair
And the shining strands fire into a menacing corona
That pushes the prey delicately into her body . . .
Humanity? Yes, on a dark leaf, my friend,
In muddy water, unseen, crawls an animal world
That has outlived the fifty thousand years of man
By half a billion years; before and beyond the
Blasting age of split atoms, they reproduce by fission.

James Schevill

2

DUSK IN THE SUBURBS

Look, look
how day's end is a gathering in
of all the small and helpless things
and everything with wheels—
a twitter of preparing under leaves,
and on the lawns the voices hurrying . . .
This is the hour called "entre chien et loup."
Along the road, the aspens tremble.

In the houses masters of dogs prepare for an attack
with summoning, with putting under cover,
with hurrying to rescue the outlying toy.
(It is believed, I see, the night-wolf relishes
particularly the taste of tricycles.)
When all the things of day are all stockaded,
look how in the houses, one by one,
lights spring to the ready.

We who walk the road will go no faster
for fear of wolves, though the air grows a sharper tooth
and darkness prowls with many eyes and maybe snarls.
We are defenders of no houses,
whose days growl and measure the leap to our throats.
There is no degree of terror:
who knows it, knows it all.

Some, like the aspens, must quake anyway,
live lightly threaded, quivering in the accidental sight
of any creature, surviving by twirling.
The aspens, fluttering before the dog, before the wolf—
offering olive, offering silver—
flicker us down the road to the wide city

where all in a moment, wondrously,
everywhere the lights go on at once—
even for us who know no word to say
nor anything to do to make it happen.

Maggie Rennert

ALEX

Miraculous among horses in the stableyard he comes:
Alex a goat
on tiptoe between enormous slow behinds, alone
is little; his coat
mud-brown in sunlight-dazzle chestnut-shine;
Alex the ungainly,
the sagging flank, unkempt where manes are combed,
minces silently
between the pawing snortings. (Could Pan have pranced
so delicately?)

Nothing is too small to learn to live with violence:
the neater bone
evades the death by milling flesh of titans;
safely the alien
unnoticed in the dust, a breath from witless trampling,
skittering survives.
Alex creature of no strength and minor cunning
sidesteps and lives,
lives past the hooves for shaking earth with galloping;
using small exacter speed
sidles alive through muscular magnificence's fruity drop-
pings—
and lights precise on narrow feet,
and gains a place to fold his legs and be surrounded by
sun.

Maggie Rennert

4

ROBINSON'S RETURN

A knot of steel lies in poor Robinson's head.
The last cloth long on the loins of knowledge is woven, oddly, of such things
And the rags of all disaster are hung on the real
Like despair on the face of a dog beaten only for fun.

Only Crusoe imagines a wreck, returning alone
To the civilized beach at night after years of his struggle with demons,
And landing walks to the fire of joy where the lovers lie
And shuffles and blushes and starts to say, "There's been a wreck," but never does.

The beach is real or the surf a dream. When the boards break and the bolts of steel snap
Belief goes aground on knowledge. Waking on the hot sands the saved
Regard the tides of disbelief which rhythmically alter the shore.

Return is a trick of time and from beach to beach he moves in illusion
Carrying the facts of disaster of which he will speak, and landing
Waits for the dog, like Odysseus, who will welcome him home.

But the lovers flash in the surf and he turns like the tide
To go out again with the dawn to remember perhaps the knots of steel and the wood
Going back to them sure like a dog who remembers his master
Going back to the beach and the surf and the sound of disaster.

The sex of the real is all that bothers him now;
He fingers the cloth on the loins of the beast and wonders
with dread:
Was it male and hard and aggressive and hot in pursuit
Or feminine, passive, awaiting him patient and mute?

David A. Kelly

A FEDERAL POET

(Composed upon learning of the existence of an organization calling itself "The Federal Poets.")

I'm stuck. My images are all cartoons:
Churchill and his cigar; the French premier's
Romanesque nose; the smirks and solemn sneers
On the faces of Congressional buffoons.
Or when (frustrated journalist) I'm moved
To fantasy, I prophesy the year
of Armageddon, and profess to hear
The stirring of the next bombs in the womb.

And so it goes. Good God! I'd rather be
A pure romantic, quite unfederalized—
Old Wordsworth, watching (from some pleasant lea)
The sun go down between a milkmaid's thighs;
Or Baudelaire, seeing in his dark Ennui
Reflections of his own hypnotic eyes.

Guy Daniels

6

WARBLER IN THE LENS
elev. to 7800 ft.

Six days a week and see them come!
abbreviated civilings and Sunday tourists
pasturized in this fractured land,
Balked at what extremity of clutch-plate,
tempered out of what pragmatic heat,
to view the world in clear **f** 8

Abruptly they accept the pretty pass
Firestone has brought them
—the skid marks, the tortured road
accommodations in the Doric mode—
and settle their suspicions on
the Ranger's decorum
Asking **what there is to do?**

"Well, ma'am, not long ago
Sheriff J. A. got five cutthroats
over in the Black Rock,
Says they can't go East, won't come out,
an' he ain't fer goin' in!
So they rotted, though we never found
No bones but of the horses,
Calling it **los Caballos Muertes."**

(add that to Tayopa, the Dutchman
the Adams diggings; salt away
a tale of mines and proxy murders)

7

"Why
from Santiago to the Fronterisas
I've seen Mescaleros in the huisache
. . . the scalps of Hardrung, Clerleigh and Jones,
And strange birds in the madrone:"

Hear them sing, my farthering:

The Kolima is a bird
not of rare plumage
But a bird and a rare one
here and here only
For its song.
Lovers of this warbler
seek trails
assail
The cat's-claw brambles;
discreet
the songs retreat.
The windless lovers pale
at 7000 feet,
lost its sweet
Song . . . fleet, fleet

While the buzzards
hover in the valley
Black crows among the pinon
circling
not for carrion
but for distance
and a southerner dominion,
flight from the interesting land
you have here, from

8

Adventure, saddle horsies, and
geological equivalents of poets
try to reconcile what faith
to what unreason, precision-built
for everyone a tourist someplace?
Happy in the head, snake-headed
shaking for the tickling ease of
Gold discovered! Adams, the Dutchman,
Tayopa; the plastic eye
rigged to catch
the expanding delirium of sunset
Gold height madness truth
Adventure, rock and asphalt, flyrods
Saddle horsies and plastic
Equivalents of

The Warbler

The bright side to everything
The interesting land you have here,
igneous sights, crabapple pleasant,
you might have thought the third eye,
coated, anastigmatic, permanently fixed
to all the camera addicts,
the plastic fastened on
stately views and ochre lichens
fear and furthermost erosions
of poets and chicagoes, saying:

"thought the place was **civilized**
should be seen from **cars**
(safety-glass all around all around)
how much insurance his wife would

realize
(three panther cubs all around)
where **was** the button on this
DAMN CAMERA ANNAWAY?
have I got the lens cover off?"

(Suppress the smile for who has snapped
the Chisos mountain range,
Saved on slides of beauty one
public acre of the kodachrome domain.)

So they faded, as I said, and rotted
with a plastic side to everything
The Warbler and the buzzard distancing
a bright side to everything,
Lichens and Jaguars bright
Deer eye disks and beer cans bright
Snakesquilt on macadam
Bright after the Season.
Turkeys gather for Winter.
The Warbler,

And earth is occupied with leisure,
Bus loads of student
geologists intensify
the Ansco pleasure,
a couple of "no hablas" quietly make way
in order that precisely oil may have its say,
it says a good place for geology,
but lost the song, the Warbler while

The chips from picks on Casa Grande
disturb the pale madrone,
The mountain is carried in assay kits,
Kolima seeks a home.

Lo the turkeys, but a speck, while
All the huisache, mauve and saffron
Gather Phoebus from the night,
A coachwhip under the cenisa lay
A bull snake coiled in cenisa lay
And every Warbler, dog and buck
And lens had had its day.

James Hiner

FAUST: ANOTHER STATEMENT

On the coldest midnight of the year
Our mouse with frosted whiskers
Struggled in his mousetrap world.
This world, our world,
Went rumbling on its wooden wheels,
Crushing the groaners underneath the city wall.
No bedtime child but cried that night,
No burgher's wife but brought her maid to tears.
Winter thunder shook the house;
Such winds rose up as never raged
Down inlet and island, between house and field,
Rattling in the rooftree, singing in the wires.

I dreamed foul water filtered through the floor;
Bat wings scratched the windowpanes.
I heard the recent hero of the rack
Learn that the darkness can't be learned.
Ten devils ground his face in gravel:
This method brought him final health,
Brought him richer knowledge:
The night was deeper than the day had taught.

11

We live so close upon the world's collapse,
That though you have my history intact
(How I gave a Roman mob its miracle;
Amused the Emperor Charles with fireworks)
You credit my conscience to still act perfection
On a stage of living days and hours,
For a new world and in a better time.

You forget I signed a compact with my blood.

This music brings me to myself. Tonight
I tuned my ringing glass to twelve.
And now our guest arrives,
Extravagant with loud music.
This is no cardboard pantomime
Of retort flames and flannel devils;
No wooden apparition
Sent rolling through the echoing wings.

But recall:
Seven days at the Eye of God Hotel;
(The tram cars rattled in the broken street.)
An evening at the Schloss Schönburg
Where foreign eyes dispatched me like a knife.
Under the long cold staircase my familiar waited.

Every man to his mystery. Our way
Leads upward in a puff of cloud,
While the good work goes on below
With hooks and bills. They prepare our proper beds,
Drawing out our lengths, or lopping off our legs.
We cannot complain:
Fair play is scrupulously practiced.
Before they stretch my skin,
I've wonders to report:
Let me begin.

Harvey Gross

12

CATERPILLAR

On the irregular lulling pitch
Of willow-altered water by the moored
Barge the caterpillar's resilient twitch
Bargains against the motorboats, the soaked cardboard
Tillamook Butter, the blue cluster of bright oil
Bleeding in mingling ovals,

The barge hesitantly heaving in wind-wave and wake,
Its grinding metallic clang and scrape on moorings,
The dry rapid creak
Of mallard wings, a various wave-slap on pilings.
The caterpillar's yellow elastic horseshoes
Inscribe the last arabesques of young leaves whose

Moves might have been above roses. Houseboats
Imitate ducks and gulls meek by the light's verge.
The **Sightseer** floats by full of the solemn gay. Ropes
Toughly and gently loop the boats by the barge;
A floating weed and a red coffee can
Cross the distorted span

Of a hand wavering and grasping by splintered planks.
Across Portage Bay houses slope the sky
Over the Siamese sway of poplars
And placid as an old teddy bear in the bay the buoy.
Tar, moss, and minute decay
Scent the elephant motion of a diverse lullaby.

Mallards waddle the dock, speed at queer rest. Quacks
Casually float from those bobbing contesting swells,
Bills dipping in reflections of mooring; the rock
Of the ungovernable barge tells
The gentleness in the sway of the mist of masts.
The **Oncorhynchus** backs

With screws churning to its dock while biology students
Brandish an ambushed crab
By yielding willows ever in a gentle
Returning. A red seaplane and other distance-dimmed
drab
Motors unimpressively growl. Old barge boards cracked
and torn
Heave impassively, not quite expectedly in the worn

Motion that peels the tree to fish-shapes.
Feathery sailboats sound for the Bridge to lift:
One time-summoning long, one short.
The bloated caterpillar floats past, a mossy drift
Head up like an empty bottle.
Two sedate mallards fold wing with a light crash of water.

Nelson Bentley

THE MINE SHAFT

High on a ridge an iron-mine shaft yawned straitly,
A century abandoned. In a wish
To probe its depth, I dropped stone after stone,
Listening batlike for the crack and splash,
Again and again counted the seconds down,
And learned from sixteen times the square of time
A hundred. But no matter how remotely
Man sends a science forth and draws facts home,
No matter by what help of ropes, friends, courage,
Down the slim shaft goes but the single man
And finds what he finds too darkling to be worded.
Whether in brain-sealed lands he travels nightly,
Whether in a childhood token, a garden, a marriage,
Or the upright tunnel of oblivion,
Even Jesus goes by his god unguarded.

Spencer Brown

14

MONKEY APPLE TOWN

Two Carib hunters went into the hills in the morning and now one is returning in great haste, thinking:

Fly O the path the vine is green
and to the bright bird curtsey.
Man's eye is cold now having seen
the Tommy Goff, the Tommy Goff.
I am a pitpan riding true.
There ran a tipi-squin-ti.
Was here the diki-dambi grew,
within the pine, the pine.
The keepy shell he cannot hear;
rain down his purple belly.
I am sick to tell his coomy dear
not to call, not to call.

On hearing this the woman goes to the captain of the town, saying:

Who will chop my plantation?
Who will sell my market?
Who live in this town?
Who catch the fish?
. . . Who kill the bird?

Who guide the dorey?
Who will give me sons?

At this the captain sends the woman to the brother of her husband, who asks:

If, as you say, it is true that he is in the bush killed by the serpent,

and the captain having sent you to me in the extremity of your need,

and that to refuse you will be to establish myself as ignoring counsel,

and that to accept you presupposes that I have long past watched you,

is it not evident that a fool, which I am not, would alone not cleave to you?

In the jungle the first of a large army of sanpopo ants has come upon the cadaver, and exclaims:

Good day sir, good day.
(Oh, my stars, Oh, bless me.
Why, I just can't believe)
Sir, good warm sir,
(my eyes! Oh, fellows come quickly!
Just see what I have found.)
how generous you are,
good fortune you bring
(Hurry, fellows, hurry!)
with you,
(I'm simply amazed.)
sir, kind sir.
Life is too good. I think,
pardon me kind sir,
but I think
I am going to cry.

Lachlan MacDonald

16

TILLAMOOK JOURNAL

I have come here curious from Chicago, in my pack
A sleeping bag, clothes, a saucepan
In which to change snow into drinking water,
Nuts, dried fruit, and a great boiled
Beef-heart to gnaw and subsist upon;
Carrying, as it were, my life on my back.
Two loggers, out of simple kindness, drove me
As far as they could up the dirt road.
They were two of the gunny-sack loggers of the Burn,
Owning a truck and a dozer, a few cables and saws,
Who weed the last usable snags for money.
Loggers coming from elsewhere soon turn back,
Homesick for green; only those born
In the Burn's shadows accept its waste and tinder.

They said a prospector was here a few years
Back. He came in the spring, an old man
Near seventy, who thought the land, being
Otherwise worthless, ought to yield precious metal.
He hunted silver and gold, and wore strapped
On his back a Geiger counter, which he called
His auxiliary heart. To meet him, they said,
Toting all his duffle and gear, traipsing
On a logging road or mumbling about metal as he stumbled
From a vegetable gulley, was to see the expedition of the future
Crowded on skinny legs. A full year
He hunted gold; would have been content
With any metal at all. Finally he accepted,
In spring, the first and last gift of that country.

17

I hiked from where they turned. Seldom have I
Seen a terrain so hostile to the work of legs.
Underfoot it spews gravel and loose rock.
Immense rotted trunks of fallen trees
Barricade the foot out. How did he
Survive so long, who cast across the breast
Of Tillamook, ear on the metal heart, hearing
Only his own pulse fainting in his ear?
I touch his nerves in the land: when the hill steepened,
Mounting, boots purchased in the slopes, I grappled
Dear life on the roots and rocks, winding
Traverses; at last went crawling up
On my hands and knees, face bent upward,
As if I too came begging of the gravel and rocks.

From the peak of Cedar Butte the entire
Compass was visible. Twenty miles to the west
The Pacific spreads blue and flat in the sun.
Everywhere else the brown hills plunge
Up and down across the saw-toothed country.
The southern hills have been logged off nearly
Completely. A few clusters of snags hang on,
Inaccessible, or too burned or rotted for use;
Otherwise it is a total shambles—white stumps;
White logs abandoned, year after year
Slipping downward; bare spurs dragged
Into bleeding scraps; logging roads
Cutting nooses of erosion on the hills; and the ravines,
Wounds on the land where the hills go down.

After the first day wading the ravine, soaking,
I wondered, is the escape in fact possible?
All that night through its channel Kilchis River
Struggled. Dawn simply brightened the cold,

18

Changing rain to snow. In the afternoon
I sat and rested. My legs were tired. The ravines
Are a mass of fallen trees slippery with rain.
Massive trunks lie half submerged in the gravelly
Bed. Others have piled up upon each other
Gathering rocks. It is an endless, shuddering
Bleeding, this Tillamook. Staunched by its own blood,
The wound is slow, but vast; and what basins
The water shelves the waterfalls. So we go down.

Twenty-five years ago a blue-white puff
Signalled the countryside; and every six years,
Fed by their own waste, the flames return.
The Douglas-fir is an intolerant tree, rooting
Its saplings best in the wake of fire; but it is potent
By fits, and here nature has withheld itself;
Except, over the ashes and black chips, the native
Pebble, a little fireweed and grape are springing,
Some lichen and moss, and ferns bordering the river.
Through the interior of the Burn, where the riverbed
Winds, I and the river travelled; and the little
Mule-deer which joined us, keeping in advance
Like our scout—when I turned from the river and
climbed—
Stopped, and turned his head, and watched my going.

Hearing the surf I come to my feet—from where,
Halted for food under the summit of the last
Hill, gnawing the great boiled heart,
I looked back at this desolate land in the dusk
As if I were seeing the plundered breast
Of the world, the gnawed heart grown suddenly
Heavy in my hands—I come to my feet and turn,
Running for the peak, with a sore heart scrambling

To the ultimate rock, where before me the tempestuous
ocean
Breaks with long triple crashes on the shore,
And where behind the snow is falling over Tillamook,
A ghostly bloom on the treeless crags and cliffs,
That rise white a moment and that the dark dissolves.
It is only a few steps to the unburnable sea.

Galway Kinnell

DREAM KITCHEN

And in the dream my mother's toes fell off
And we sat ruined and sorry and afraid
But made no sound at the small sound she made.
Having expected this, Dell brought her muff
And slid them in, scooping them from the floor,
Sat down again and held the ball of fur,
Not looking where those left were only four;
We sympathized but made no useless stir.

And mother, knowing all was spoiled, kept rocking;
The horror was too deep for screams or change.
Aunt Sarah viewed a runner in her stocking
And pursed her lips. I bent above the range
Skimming the froth again. Someone must spread
Blueberry jam upon the crawling bread.

Rebecca Price Parkin

20

WITHIN THE LAIR OF MELANCHOLY

Within the lair of melancholy,
Bared against and over the juices of the heart,
Laid sullied, his one lambent glory thrown
Chalice high,
Into the eddying dark
That now surrounds his home.

Here resides amid the callow dares of youth and heart
That everbeating symphony of scourge and love;
Of heart and blood so soon set apart,
Yet early begun,
Here lies as intemerate truth,
The fleshless form of his youth
That was his only son.

For when in youth in solitary confession made
Between fresh heart and burgeoning mind,
He, moving sway to love's merlined drought,
Caught sweet, intoxicant scents
Of early Rose and Jassamin;
Passed resolutions of love that nobly bound the two in absolute resolve and time;
Rescinded passion's reign over dream and thought,
Enthralling the flesh's carnivorous bent.

Now he lies,
Like things newly fresh, green, living slow;
Suffering too long the last, late death-like snow;
Pierced by the jagged truth of his own cries,
Of time moved and excoriated as some poor divine:
Exhausted, marcescent and weighted
By much too heavy a philosophy for so sweet and light a clime.

Oh, he had much philosophy compounded of mood and
pain,
And much thinking (as all could see),
This burning equilibrist. But, none so much as would turn
again,
The flayed cheek or temper the sting,
Which through long history shall shout and recompense
The great, too evident crime of his small, famished being:
He would but could not love.

R. S. Albert

HOUSEWIFE'S MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK

Think I'll try one.
Often wondered if I could fly one.
Must be nice,
To be up and off and away in a trice,
Nobody watching but owls and mice
And one black cat.

Tall black hat,
Long black cloak blowing out behind
In a long black wind.

Here we go . . .
Ahhhhh . . .

Look below:
Town is a patch of winking lights.
Tonight is the darkest night of nights,
And one of the coldest too.
Heigh-ho,
For a witch's eye view

22

Of the wide wide world is one of the sights
Reserved for the few,
The very few
Who are willing to try one.

Chilling
to
fly
one!

Ahhhhh . . .
But fun!
Fun!

Odd:
I never thought before
A broom might have another use than sweeping
A kitchen floor and a pantry floor.
Stood behind the door
Twenty years and more—
Twenty years of doing and sweeping,
Twenty years of waking and sleeping,
Promise-keeping.

Now when tomorrow's dawn comes creeping
And I'm not there,
Doors will open and shut and voices will call
From room to empty room.
And one will say:
She's gone, and so's her broom,
She's gone away.
She's probably gone to stay.

And silence will fall.

But they won't know where.

Juli Nunlist

THE GREAT DIVIDE

The dog is now perfected as a beast
Shaped to an end no road can lead us to.
His real bark less real bite
Roam in a vacant lot across the way
Where no house stands and children never play.

There is a final West of every nation
Where causes never get a reprimand
And active men need never stride a question
But mount the steed of pure abstract decision
And close the gate upon the steed revision.

We wander from this lot out to the West
To make a point. The horse has never been
A perfect dog; each has a home and history
Of its own. Nor is the horse a perfect beast
Pure answer to the Vision of the West:
Man shares the West, dogs only occupy the vacant lot.

The dog is perfect consequence of human acts.
The horse is not. Let's look then at the horse's
Hard dilemma. The dog is sure response to every call;
The horse will mind the reins out in the field
But who can reign within a horse's stall?

We bear the horse's flesh upon our hands

And pocketbooks and shoes display his hide.
But have we ever shaved and used the skin
Of Spot with all his acquiescent pride?
The lamps of human skin still burn our pride.

Each nation has its rules of real estate
And ours had always followed Western ways.
But in our age the land of abstract need
Lies right across the street, the vacant lot
Where Fido plays; the horse rests in our pocket.

David A. Kelly

MIDNIGHT IN A CABARET

For one
I seek the antonym of loneliness
the gentle happiness and smiling
to never know the shock
of unfamiliar toothmarks
on my loved one's breast

Lloyd Zimpel

e. g. to N.

I say swallows
because winter won't have them

And I say swallows—
so trim—
that never touch earth—
that skim

Now I say swallows
nested—
with pointed wings,
featherbreasted

And swallows
so young
with mouths
of song

Or featherless swallows
with long eyes
that mean
to my surprise

But I say not swallows
that wheel and fly . . . .

But little swallows
that stretch and cry . . . .

Lloyd Zimpel

26

BRISEN, ON THE MAKING OF HISTORICAL BRITAIN*

Rome, not Byzantium, is flesh of verse.
It was the barrenness of that curse,
the lean stringy core of that withered apple,
the poor smoke, the wistful vapour
of those banked hell-fires, which set me free
from the figure of my body, the font's beauty,
and sent me sprawling across a winter sea,
clad in the twisted strings of a summer lute,
to find that figure in another,
to manipulate the vision of my lover.

Byzantine mosaics were my feet,
treading where purple-lidded eunuchs sat.
That stingy curse, the upward glittering fall,
undid me; and the nun's cell
where I saw the point dance all Trinity
and the domed field bearing the Emperor's throne,
were both that room my brain had made in me
for the poverty of hell and the Eastern sun.
My loved body, my vision, thickened, bled,
and I found my extremities were dead.

Better my love were an oak in Britain, an ash;
better the plain present than the studded past.
My body was deceived by the paucity of devils,
sin is more facile, guilt is smaller than evil,
and it is easy to judge the sin of Launcelot,
for adultery can be dealt with (O but splendour
walked in the substance of the eternal Dance).
Canons be my blessing, harsh and tender.
Rome be my East, Rome be flesh
of verse. Byzantium demands too much.

27

So the Kingdom dissolved, drowned in the sin
which Launcelot drank of Guenevere.
And I am eased, for it is easier to bear
flesh taken from us than endure
enfleshment of God. Augustine brought me home.
We can bear what Rome forbids or urges.
Easier to live in a map than in Byzantium,
simpler to cower in Britain than reign in Logres.
Can I doubt the necessity of error?
I sit here in the boredom and the terror.

Albert Paris Leary

*In the developed Arthurian myth, Brisen and Merlin, the offspring of Nimue, symbolize, respectively, Place and Time. Rome stands for order and certainty. Byzantium is the center of the Christian Empire and stands for the mystery of the Incarnation. Through the figure of the Beloved (identified, in extension, with the body of the Empire) this mystery is approached. Logres is the mythical kingdom ruled by King Arthur. Because of war between Arthur and Launcelot, caused by the latter's adultery with Guenevere, Arthur's wife, the mystical unity with the Empire is shattered, and in the dissolution of Logres (in the late Sixth Century A.D.) the historical Britain emerges. This is called, "the making of the historical Britain." For further details, see **Arthurian Torso,** by Charles Williams.

28

TO SCYLLA, WITH LOVE

I, promontory, long to dance my boulders
through the white spray of your thirst. I, crag,
yearn to have you drink me down, to kiss.
But always the canvas passing, puffed and fat,
pregnant by the lascivious winds,
gluts your desire unfruitful. No Prometheus
I bear up to the public sun, to call
across the chained water all my love,
his voice the echo of my need, my longing.
Unnoticed, I rage my bulk against the ships,
to offer faint spars of love to you,
but coldly the aloof sea flows away
every rigging of my need, my longing.
Shackled, like Prometheus, to the shore,
only the insufficient fragments of my hope
I skip across the waves where your slow turning
awaits the next brief love of seabound sailors.
I, promontory, I, crag, with a continent
in my loins, rage, unsatisfied,
across the inexorable and silent strait,
mute to call my longing and my need.

Albert Paris Leary

POEM ONE

Chimneyhigh, summer and smokeless,
sawing a dead branch
from a dying tree,
I met a big, healthy red ant
with his antenna and body curious,
ripe and strong;

I was up there scared, aware
in proportion to the height,
but the ant was as unconcerned
as the breeze
of falling
or the street.

He crawled towards the saw
as I continued sawing,
got in the groove
and I sawed the hefty fellow,
pismiring the sawdust
without being cruel,
but with, I suppose,
an axeman's surprise.

Robert S. Sward

POEM TWO

Through the little city woods
sticking-
-picking
came the paper-scrap-sticker
with a long needle-nailed prong
lancing out from a pole;

. . lipped cigarette ends, gum,

nose cloth, Dutch Elmed leaves—
flute-holed—
candy-wrappers, caramels, prophy-
lactics and bus transfers, mostly.

The sylvan sticker came pronging along
tangibly collecting the precise,
the dusty forgotten specifics,
the soiled—all a different memory,
all, all a discard—
which are the loveliest
of human needs?—
and the man, goaty, canvas-skinned,
waste-bag walking, a sanitary-satyr
engineer, coughing retired denizen
of the old lusty woods.

Robert S. Sward

BEFORE WE WOKE, IT SEEMED

. . . that we had taken our sex
lying upsidedown,
flat against the sky, in daytime;
we met ordinary, like people do,
but rose when we rose
into one another . . . higher and higher,
enlocked down, around our love-lockings
like we were ordained, ascending over
and over, and the farther we got
from earth, the less difference
did it make about there being you
and me, the two of us;

Suddenly, raining hot and all over
containing her, the unresisting sky

opened as my sleepy flower
began to sleep; the door to heaven
was how close we were
and she had grown large
with child into me,
and the three of us
were a diamond, nearer, together
and trinitied.

Robert S. Sward

THE GREENHOUSE

How insipid is the greenhouse!
Not literally a green house,
A supposed in-between house
Of the social and the wild,

Where cotillions of petunias,
Rouged and stayed petunias,
And buds, their juniors,
Stand carded, primped, and filed.

In dungarees the dancing-master,
A perpetually glancing master,
Berates the slender posture
Of each vegetable child.

All is and seemingly flowers
(The ferns, the buds, the flowers)
Innocent of showers,
Of Spring, decay, of all that's gauche and free.

You cultured, powdered fools,
Naive and neuter fools,
Eat all your chemical gruels—
Tonight I'll smuggle in a lecherous bee.

S. P. Zitner

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